

The history

Troy. Let Paris bleed tis but a scar to scorne,
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus horne. *Alarum.*

Aene. Harke what good sport is out of towne to day.

Troy. Better at home, if would I might were may:
But to the sport abroad are you bound thither?

Aene. In all swift haste.

Troy. Come goe wee then together. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cressid and her man.

Cres. Who were those went by?

Man. Queene Hecuba, and Hellen.

Cres. And whether goe they?

Man. Vp to the Eatterne tower,
Whose high commands as subiect all the vaile,
To see the battell: *Hector* whose patience,
Is as a vertue fixt, to day was mou'd:
Hee chid *Andromache* and strooke his armor,
And like as there were husbandry in warre
Before the Sunne rose, hee was harneft lyte,
And to the field goes he; where euery flower
Did as a Prophet weepe what it for sawe,
In *Hectors* wrath. *Cres.* What was his cause of anger.

Man. The noise goes this, there is amonge the Greekes,
A Lord of Troian bloud, Nephew to *Hector*,
They call him *Anax*. *Cres.* Good; and what of him,

Man. They say hee is a very man per se and stands alone.

Cres. So do all men vnlesse the are dronke, sicke, or haue no legges.

Man. This man Lady, hath rob'd many beasts of their particular additions, hee is as valiant as the Lyon, churlish as the Beare, slowe as the Elephant: a man into whome nature hath so crowded humors, that his valour is crusht into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a vertue, that he hath not a glimpse of, nor any mā an attaint, but he carries some staine of it. Hee is melancholy without cause and merry against the haire, hee hath the ioynts of euery thing, but euery thing so out of ioynt, that hee is a gowtie. *Briareus*, many hands, & no vs: or purblind *Argus*, al eyes, and no sight.

Cres.

of Troilus and Cressida

Cres. But how should this man
Hector angry.

Man. They say hee yesterda
and stroke him downe, the d
hath euer since kept *Hector* fal

Cres. Who comes here.

Man. Maddam your vncl P

Cres. *Hectors* a gallant man.

Man. As may be in the worl

Pand. Whats that? whats th

Cres. Good morrow vncl P

Pan. Good morrow cozen C
good morrow *Alexander*: how
you at Illium? *Cres.*

Pan. What were you talking
arm'd and gon ere yea came
was she? *Cres.* *Hector* was

Pan. E'ene so, *Hector* was stirri

Cres. That were wee talking e

Pan. Was he angry?

Pan. True hee was so; I know
him to day I can tel them that, &
farre behind him, let them ta
them that too. *Cres.* V

Pan. Who *Troilus*? *Troilus* is

Cres. Oh *Iupiter* ther's no con

Pan. What not betweene Tro
a man if you see him?

Cres. I, if I euer saw him befor

Pan. Well I say *Troilus* is Tro

Cres. Then you say as I say, fo

Pan. No nor *Hector* is not T

Cres. Tis iust, to each of them

Pan. Himselfe, alas poore Tr

Cres. So he is.

Pan. Condition I had gone b

Cres. He is not *Hector*.

Pan. Himselfe? no? hee's no